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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JULY 21, 1904. NUMBER 21

Cow-Bells.

O what is there behind the hills,
That all of the bells must know?
Over in all the light that fills
The valley with that glow?

I followed a bell, and it all came true:
Some down, and a yellow-bird;
And cedars—oh!—and specked with blue;
And everything else I heard:

Only whatever it is, behind
The hill with the farthest call;
The one I follow and never find,
—The loveliest one of all.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody*

In The Singing Leaves.

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THE

HEADQUARTERS

OF THE

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1904. NUMBER 21

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The one New Englander! Upon whose page
Thine offspring still are animate, and move
Adown thy paths, a quaint and stately throng:
Grave men of God who made the olden law,
Fair maidens for love,—
All living types that to the coast belong
Since Carver from the prow thy headlands saw.

* * * * * *

Two natures in him strove
Like day and night, his sunshine and his gloom.
To him the stern forefathers' creed descended,
The weight of some inexorable Jove
Prejudging from the cradle to the tomb;
But therewithal the lightsome laughter blended
Of that Arcadian sweetness undismayed
Which finds in Love its law, and graces still
The rood, the penitential symbol worn,—
Which sees, beyond the shade,
The Naiad nymph of every rippling rill,
And hears quick Fancy wind her wilful horn.

* * * * * *

But he whose quickened eye
Saw through New England's life her inmost spirit,—
Her heart, and all the stays on which it leant,—
Returns not, since he laid the pencil by
Whose mystic touch none other shall inherit!
What though its work unfinished lies? Half-bent
The rainbow's arch fades out in upper air;
The shining cataract half-way down the height
Breaks into mist; the haunting strain, that fell
On listeners unaware,
Ends incomplete, but through the starry night
The ear still waits for what it did not tell.

—*From E. C. Stedman's Poem.*

There is fitness in the appointment of Prof. William Apmadoc of Chicago on the Board that is to award the prizes in a choral contest at the St. Louis Exposition. Professor Apmadoc is a conspicuous leader among the Cambro-Americans. Through his energy and zeal was the great Welsh Eisteddfod carried to a successful issue at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, making that the most conspicuous event in the musical history of that Exposition. The St. Louis management have transplanted this old bardic institution from the hills of Wales into their program under another name and denuded it of all national limitations. UNITY congratulates the professor on his appointment. For many years he has been the musical director and precentor at All Souls Church, Chicago.

The *Christian Register* in commenting upon a month's evangelistic work of the Rev. B. Fay Mills at Denver, Colorado, the meetings being held largely in Unity Church, over which the Rev. David Utter, the Unitarian, presides, says: "Pastors of five or six other churches were often in attendance, opening the meetings with prayer and showing warm interest in the fine appeals for the higher, more spiritual life to which the people listened with such rapt attention for so many days. This new work of Mr. Mills is by his own admission yet experimental, as it is less than a year since he began, on the Pacific Coast, the proclamation of his gospel for an Age of Unrest. Colorado certainly has the unrest at present, and it was a striking phenomenon in the midst of a most strenuous election period to see the thronging hundreds of people listening day by day to simple, earnest talks upon the Sermon on the Mount."

The cause of the republican party received a serious back-set, in the estimation of the progressive and the ethical, when the *Chicago Chronicle* by formal announcement transferred its allegiance from the democratic party and declared that henceforth it will work for the re-election of Theodore Roosevelt. The *Chicago Chronicle* represents an able corps of writers. It is abundantly backed by the capital of one of Chicago's noted millionaires, but it has been for a long time painfully on the wrong side of nearly every question. With a persistency worthy a nobler cause it has set itself to the task of belittling and oftentimes traducing the work of the Hull House, of Jane Addams, its gifted leader, and similar activities and workers. It has persisted in jumbling together such terms as "socialism," "anarchy," "single tax," "reformer," "municipal ownership," making them all stand for some fell force or fool convention, in such a way as to utterly confuse the minds of its readers, if haply any of them took such fulminations seriously. President Roosevelt and his associate nominees may well pray to be delivered from the "support" of such advocates.

"Golden Rule Jones," four times Mayor of Toledo, once the beloved nominee of an earnest constituency for the governorship of Ohio, is dead. Perhaps no man of his generation combined in such striking fashion the successful business man and the missionary of love and good will. Born in poverty, reared in penury, schooled in adversity, disciplined by hard work, he died leaving an estate estimated by the papers at three-quarters of a million. This is not a strange story in American life, but with the acquiring of money grew the prophetic mind and the sympathetic heart, so that the last years of his life represented an apostolate of good will to the unfortunate, of equity in business, of independence in politics. His earnestness in these directions gave to him something of the bardic power and pulpit vehemence characteristic of the Welsh blood at its best, which coursed in his veins. The last time Mayor Jones spoke in Chicago, probably, was in the pulpit of All Souls Church, last March, when he spoke on "The Drunk-

enness of Luxury." His audience saw that they were listening to a sick man, but he spoke with thrilling power and with appealing pathos. When in an artless way he drew from his traveling bag the wretched pair of shoes taken from the feet of the boy who had been arrested for stealing a new pair, and said, "who of you can blame him much?" the effect was one never to be forgotten by those who heard him. Mr. Jones loved the cause UNITY stands for; he pleaded for the wider brotherhood on the platform of the Congress of Religion in its Boston session. He was an occasional contributor to our columns and always a friend to our work. He was an idealist after the order of the Carpenter of Nazareth, whose words he took seriously, and he gave his life in trying to embody his behest. Verily, blessed are they who die in such a cause!

Among the conspicuous attractions at the St. Louis Exposition is the "Out Door Ethnological Display," consisting of a score of groups of peoples representing savagery and barbarism, brought from various parts of the world. These groups are living in native houses erected by themselves, dress in native costume, and carry on the simple arts and industries, to which they are accustomed at home. Of North American Indians, the Apaches, Navajos, Pomos, Pueblos, Pawnees, Arapahoes, Sioux, etc., are represented. There are groups of giant Patagonians from South America, "hairy Ainu" from Asia, pygmies and "red negroes" from Africa. Among these groups one may see basketry, pottery-making, weaving, skin-dressing, arrow-chipping, simple metal working, etc., in actual progress. The Philippine Exposition with eight or ten populations living in its "native villages," brings the number of groups on the grounds up to fully thirty. Perhaps no such aggregation of people from curious and little known tribes has ever before been brought together in one place for study. It is, then, a happy idea, which Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago plans to put into practice. He will utilize this material for purposes of class study and will offer a course of lectures and practical demonstrations, covering three weeks from September 1 to September 21. The full work will occupy three hours each day—from nine to twelve in the morning, leaving students free in afternoon and evening, to visit the Exposition generally. Any and all, who wish to do so may join the class, no previous study in Ethnology being required. Those who do not care to take the whole course may take any amount of work from the three hours daily to a single lecture or demonstration. Charges are moderate. Such an opportunity to combine pleasure and instruction is rarely offered and Prof. Starr should have a liberal support. Readers of UNITY who plan to be in St. Louis in September, the best time for attendance at the Exposition, should remember this opportunity. Full particulars can be secured from Prof. Frederick Starr, University of Chicago.

In the sudden death of Joseph Twyman the thought life and civic spirit of Chicago, as well as the cause of art, have suffered serious loss. Mr. Twyman was an Englishman who came early under the spell of William Morris and his associates, and gave to Chicago ungrudgingly of his enthusiasm and his genius. He was founder of the Chicago Morris Society and a decorator who delighted in the application of simplicity, truthfulness and economy in art. Of late years he was at the head of the artistic department of the Tobey Furniture Company, where he had installed a Morris room, which henceforth is to be known as the "Twyman Room." On one of the very last days Mr. Twyman was at his place of business, with uncounting liberality he gave his time to the writer of this note in consultation over certain color effects and other decorative treatment of the interior of the Abraham Lincoln Centre with which he had large sympathy; and the auditorium of that building will, we believe, have an added shade of beauty from his touch. Mr. Twyman could use the pen as well as the brush and pencil. His voice was familiar to those who were interested in art problems. "The Art of William Morris" and "The Art of Walter Crane" were two of the topics upon which he lectured, illustrating his lecture with materials and slides. The bulletin of the Chicago Morris Society for June is a memorial number containing the remarks of Rev. F. E. Dewhurst at the funeral, with other memorial comment from Chicago papers. This memorial number contains the following significant words from one of Mr. Twyman's lectures which fittingly commemorate the life that was dedicated to beauty, not to luxury; the life of one who never mistook expensiveness for art or made the unique, the unusual, synonymous with the beautiful and the desirable. The fundamentals of art like the fundamentals of morals, are simple, few, and universal.

"It seems to me that the day is nearer to the Morris Society period than that of the Shakespeare or the Browning; for William Morris wrote of life and work, of beauty and love, and lived all besides. We of today would couple the activities of life with its realities, in their most ideal forms and to their mutual advantage; we of today would combine the practical with the esthetic, having in mind the one endeavor for happiness. We are seeking a luxury of beauty and durability more than a luxury of show and extravagance; we are looking, hoping, working for that brotherhood which makes men considerate of their neighbor, all occupations pleasurable as well as useful, and each one willing to do his part towards making the world cleaner in spirit, more lovely, and more just altogether. In this endeavor surely we can turn to no fellowship more profitably than to that of William Morris."

Now that both the conventions are over, the presidential race is fairly on. Both parties have nominated respectable men, men of clean morals and high purposes. Both parties have succeeded in constructing platforms that are conspicuous for their "safety," and their identity of sentiment will be a source of confusion to the unsophisticated. Should they become beheaded it would be difficult for the indiscriminating reader to distinguish the one from the other. There are great issues before

the American people today but they are scarcely embodied in either political platform. The campaign can scarcely be a high one; already it is admitted that there is little room for oratory or orators. There will be little appeal to high motives; it will be largely a "business campaign" conducted strictly on "business principles." All this makes it the opportunity of the independent. Where there is a choice between individuals, the voter will feel more free to cross the traditional lines, pick his men, and vote according to his judgment rather than according to his traditions. Both conventions stained their records by disregarding the ethical rights of a respectable minority if not a majority of their representatives in certain contested districts. The Republicans in refusing to seat the La Follette delegation of Wisconsin and the democrats in treating in a similar fashion the Harrison delegation from Chicago, certainly ignored the ethical demands of many earnest people, and all things considered, those who stood for political reform and civic advancement. The *Record Herald* of Chicago has always been a consistent antagonist of the Bryan theory of finance, but in an editorial following the St. Louis convention, under the caption of "Bryan not dead yet," it recognizes some of the forces that are still to be reckoned with in American politics; some of the issues that will not down, although for the time being both parties may be congratulating themselves over the fact that they have escaped all hot issues and thereby enter upon the open road that leads to a November triumph says this Republican paper.

"We believe, moreover, that Mr. Bryan's cleanliness of character, his fine moral qualities, his purity of purpose, his political zeal and his unrivaled gifts as an orator absolutely preclude the idea that he has ceased to be a force in our public life. Whether one approves all his tenets or not, one should recognize the power that is in him, and it may affect millions in the future as it has in the past. For the present it must be said, of course, that the leadership of his party has gone from him to other men. It may even be said that the masses of the party have decreed the change because they are tired of his silver hobby and tired of defeat. But who shall say that he may not reassert himself if conditions should beckon him to the fore as they did in 1896? Anyone who believes that he can never again have a great popular following is a careless reader of history and of human nature.

The Hawthorne Centennial.

During America's most noisy holiday, when the country was given over to fire-crackers, cannons and feasting, the city of Salem, Massachusetts, was celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of America's greatest romancer. The daily papers on the fifth of July were too much occupied with the reports of casualties, the deaths and injuries of the preceding day, to take note of the high event, and since then contemporary politics has crowded out any adequate notice of the occasion that brought letters and telegrams from all parts of the cultivated world. Had it not been for the thoughtfulness of an UNITY reader in sending us a page from a Salem paper, we, like too many of our over-busy contemporaries, might have missed the appreciative letters sent to Robert S. Rantoul, President of the Essex Institute, by J. M. Barrie, who called Hawthorne "America's greatest man of letters;" from Professor Schonbach of Germany, who wrote, "Next to George Eliot, or rather with her, Hawthorne is the first English prose writer of the nineteenth century;" from E. C. Stedman, whose tribute to the genius of Hawthorne, delivered in 1877 before the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter of Harvard, is of itself a classic, some lines of which we publish in another column; and Harriet Prescott Spofford wrote from Rome:

"He was absolutely unique. His genius might have a rival in that of the creator of Sintram and Undine, if it were not for the magnetic charm of a subtle and evasive humor that plays through its gloom like sparks from ashes, and makes it individual. He was a creature of that dark mysterious north where it is night half the year, and whose wizardry is more than that against which his forebears fought. In him the smouldering ember of witchcraft burnt at last to a flame whose spirit was that of the shifting, evanescent, but everlasting lustre of the aurora."

Donald G. Mitchell wrote of "the great townsman whose fame has taken on a quality so large, so fixed and so fine that no celebration can extend or brighten it." Andrew Lang wrote:

"He lived in an age remarked for its great writers, many of them novelists. Of these how many maintain, or have even increased, like Hawthorne, the measure of repute which they received in their lifetime? Of his contemporaries in his art it may be said that none but Thackeray, Dickens, Poe, and perhaps Charlotte Bronte, have that enduring excellence which marks the classic as distinguished from the favorite of a year or a few years.

"Hawthorne's motive was the old Puritan sense of sin, the old Puritan certainty and solemnity about life, death and judgment, removed out of the region of religion and ethics into the region of art.

"He was a master of romance, and of romance in a new kind, which no age shall see revived or re-created; he was 'The great magician' of the west. He dwelt and brought us to dwell in a kingdom magical of his own and the key to that realm is given forever 'To the Kelpie's keeping.'"

Mrs. Humphry Ward, penetrating deeper into the spirit of Hawthorne, wrote of him "as a Puritan romantic, a romantic with the 'sense of sin.'" While James Bryce with still more psychological penetration, said:

"He is not a writer of fiction in the ordinary sense of the word and troubles himself very little about plot or incident. He is rather a poet, who is occupied and penetrated with a passion for singular psychological problems, strange phases of human feeling yet not morbid phases (for these are usually unfit for artistic treatment) but such rather as lie so deep and are so shadowy and dim as either to escape the notice of ordinary observers, or to baffle the descriptive power of ordinary writers."

Perhaps too much has been made of the peculiarities of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His reputation for the weird, his own personal shyness, have been so emphasized that the average reader of fiction, particularly of the high school age, avoids his stories as something morbid, or if read at all with a morbid expectation of finding morbidity.

Hawthorne's writings are wholesome reading for all ages, not only for the artistic quality of clear English, picture-making power, delicate simile, but because they are charged with ethical earnestness and characterized with deep spiritual penetration. He perhaps was the earliest among English writers to use fiction as a means of revealing soul, of discovering the fundamental passions and emphasizing the master motives of life. Hawthorne was a great analyst; he did well what so many of his successors have done indifferently—uncovered conscience, revealing thereby its hidden roots, the far-

reaching agonies that follow disobedience and the spiritual peace that is the reward of obedience.

Bronson Alcott used to quaintly describe Hawthorne as "the spirit of a shy maiden caught in the body of a burly buccaneer," a description which may have seemed apt to Hawthorne's Salem neighbors, but when the full biography is put into the light of the century Hawthorne appears a manly man among men, one interested in the affairs of men, with a keen eye for incident and a quick ear for comment; a man of wide reading and keen appreciation, as his note books so abundantly testify. What seems weird in his writings, mystical in his philosophy, elusive in his characters, reflects upon the stolidity and stupidity of the reader rather than upon the sanity of the writer. He was the truer observer; he saw life as it is haloed in mystery, the commonplace rainbow-girdled, and we who laugh at his portrayals and fail to understand his descriptions simply disclose our own short sightedness, or, more truthfully speaking, our color-blindness.

In Hawthorne even the grim traditions of Salem, the exile of Roger Williams, the persecution of Quakers and the hanging of witches, bloom, and the bitter seed bears fragrant blossom. We take it as a happy omen that a Salem bank should issue a beautiful centennial souvenir of Salem's most famous son. In this souvenir a beautiful portrait with reproductions of the birth-place, the "Old Manse," the custom house, and "The House of Seven Gables" with the important dates in the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne are sent forth with the compliments of the Salem National Bank, the officials of which fittingly subordinate themselves. Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the successor of Hawthorne in English diplomacy, makes a fitting suggestion that the town pump which succeeded the old spring in the woods should be succeeded by a worthy fountain, the whole surmounted by a notable statue of the great translator, who translated Puritan dogma into terms of art, into the vernacular of beauty.

In a little town in Northern China is a sacred bell which has not stopped ringing for a century. The inhabitants willingly pay the tax imposed to pay the ringers, who keep at their task day and night. They believe that every time the bell sounds a devil is stifled, and that it is to the interest of the whole world to suppress as many demons as possible. At the rate of one stroke of the bell a second, more than three thousand million demons have already been disposed of.—*Boston Transcript.*

Steadfast and still, nor seeking mortal praise; but finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense, in work done squarely and unwasted days.
How light the touches are that kiss,
The music from the chords of life.
Coventry Patmore.

Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives.
Browning.

The "Song of the Syrian Guest."

(*Suggested by Rev. Wm. A. Knight's Interpretation of the Twenty-third Psalm.*)

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.

The shepherd goeth on before the sheep.
His mindful footsteps lead the trusting flock;
He chooseth meadows fresh with tender green,
And findeth cisterns hewn within the rock.

The happy sheep lie down in fragrant fields,
Hunger and thirst and weariness forgot;
And when the wanderers seek forbidden ground
Upon the shepherd's arm from loss they're brought.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

And where, at last, the ways grow blind and strange
Or lead, perchance, toward dangers for their feet,
The shepherd, knowing well his shepherd's skill,
Chooseth the path. He knoweth what is meet.

Yea, tho' I walk thro' the "valley of the Shadow of Death," I will fear no evil. For thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Yea, when the paths are right but sometimes lead
Thro' troublous places and thro' valleys dark,
The shepherd's voice keeps terror from the flock;
His rod and staff their faltering footsteps mark.

Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies—

And where with noxious weeds the grass is choked,
Or peril waits in hidden den and cave,
There in the presence of the lurking foe
The shepherd makes the pasture sweet and safe.

At last the night. The weary day is done;
And oh, the shepherd's love and care behold!
He knoweth all his trusting flock by name;
He standeth at the doorway of the fold.

Thou anointest my head with oil. My cup runneth over——

For bruisèd limbs he bringeth oil and balm,
And water for the faint in brimming cup.
Their weariness his comfort maketh less;
Their wounds with tender hand he bindeth up.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

So thro' the day by mead and vale and stream,
And thro' the night beneath the starry host,
The patient shepherd watcheth o'er his own,
And not one lamb from all the flock is lost.

O Lord, Thou art the Shepherd of the world.
Thy sheep are named and numbered in Thy sight.
Thou goest on before; with watchful care
Thou choosest for our feet the paths of right.

The paths of right! But these, O Shepherd, lead
Thy flock betimes to peril and to pain.
Yet onward go Thy feet; and now Thy voice
Heartens the flock with hope and strength again.

We trust Thee, Shepherd God; we follow on.
Grant us to see Thy goodness in our gain.
Grant us to feel the guidance of Thy staff,
And so to see Thy goodness in our pain.

And when the day is done, and at thy fold
Thou standest with the balm and water sweet,
Thy flock, still guarded by thy sleepless care,
Shall earn the gift of rest for weary feet.

F. E. DEWHURST.

THE PULPIT.

"When Half-Gods Go the Gods Arrive."

A Sermon by Rev. William Hanson Pulsford, Delivered April 24, 1904, at the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, Illinois.

I have taken as the motto for our subject this morning those two lines of Emerson

> "When half-gods go,
> The gods arrive."

Paul expresses practically the same thing when he says: "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." But perhaps the truth may come home to us more readily and freshly in its modern dress. "When half gods go, the gods arrive."

There is nothing even half divine ever passes, until that which is more divine is ready to take its place. The only things which pass away are those which are replaced by something which better fulfils the useful purpose, which they fulfilled imperfectly.

You can never replace a truth except by a greater truth. Error never ultimately takes the place of truth. Evil never ultimately supplants good. Darkness never in the end overcomes light. That which has been light and truth to any generation is supplanted only and always by that which brings a greater measure of light and truth.

It is of course true that when you take things at short range you see cases where good has waned and evil has apparently come to the front, but take any really wide outlook, broad and large enough to be adequate to the consideration of this great question of progress, and you see that the death of the half-gods never occurs save through the birth of something diviner. Nothing true is ever lost in religion. That which seems to be lost is lost only because it is but half true, and a greater truth, a fitter interpretation of the truth which it carried has come to take its place.

Obviously, today, there can be no question about the passing of the half gods. Things which were considered divine by our parents are ceasing to be divine to their children. It is a very noteworthy sign of the times when a newspaper here in our own city prints a rather technical theological article on the resurrection, by Canon Henson, of London. The storm which his public utterance about the Bible has caused is another interesting sign. What he says is not new. All scholars have known it for many years. Arnold made it the property of every thinking man when he wrote that famous preface to the popular edition of "Literature and Dogma," nearly twenty years ago. Canon Freemantle proclaimed it fourteen or fifteen years ago over his signature in the Contemporary Review. It forms the basis of the lessons in the Sunday-school courses of our liberal Sunday-schools. Every one who is qualified knows it. It is only owing to the unwise silence of the church that these things have not long since been the familiar thought of everybody. The stir which their publication here and now causes is only a mark of this, that the things which were known to the thinker and the student long ago are becoming the property of all men. It shows us that half truths, the half truths of miracle and the literalism and inerrancy of scripture, and the whole class of ancient theological conceptions, however venerable, which go along with them, are passing away.

Many say that with them religion is decaying, that God is removing himself from the thoughts of men, and that life is losing its quality. In a sense that is true. Carlyle was wonderfully wise when he said that the passage from the "everlasting no" to the "everlasting yea" lay through the "center of indifference." About us we have manifold evidence of this "center of indifference." The old sanctions are not held as they were. The old ideas of God and the Bible and judgment and the hereafter are no longer current. The old authorities have waned, and the old deterrents are no longer operative to the man in the crowd, and this produces the callousness and looseness and seeming irreligion of our times. But this is only part of the natural process. When the half gods go it is because the gods arrive, and in the transition there is this restless time of unclear thought, hesitating as to its relations to the unseen and eternal. Men have not yet learned to catch the ring of the new authority and feel the inspiration of the new light of hope and that stimulus toward splendid living, before which the old thought is passing only because it was not large enough, not true enough, not able to square itself with the wider knowledge which men today have of this universe in which we live.

What this phrase of Emerson's may suggest to us this morning is, that the attitude and temper which simply deplores the passing of old conceptions, which tries here and there in the church to do something to bring them back, which is full of regret and fear, is a wrong attitude. The attitude which it is wise for us to take, which it is imperative that we should take, nay, which alone is justified in the face of the facts, is the attitude of those who, today, in the wider conceptions which are possible to us all, are finding, as they seek it, that the passing of the half truths is only possible because a fuller and fairer vision of truth dawns upon our sight, to pass away in its turn when a larger and more splendid future enables those who come after us to outgrow it.

I would quite briefly suggest what that means as regards several of the points which have been under discussion. First as to the Bible. It is venerable to many with the kind of veneration which appears often to be not incompatible with neglect. The vast masses of religious people have a strange and wonderful reverence for the "Word of God," which does not, however, constrain them to read so as to really understand it. The old idea that it is miraculously inspired and inerrant has lasted as it has, only because those who most venerated the scripture have not investigated it as they might have done. But inquiry goes on all the same, and we discover that in this great literature we have all manner of material; some of it disgusting, some of it contradictory, some of it exceedingly primitive, some of it splendid, some of it revealing to us the great high places where men stand unafraid and look out toward the dawn of the eternal. But the old half-god idea is gone for those who think. Why? Because we are coming to a new method, a wiser, safer method, a method which justifies our careful scrutiny. We no longer consider it as a shibboleth cut up into texts, and think that by reading a certain number of these night by night, and so in time reading the whole Word of God, as a kind of talisman, we shall attain merit, as the Indian phrase goes. We rather, quietly, reasonably seek in that great literature what we can find that is splendid and know as splendid, laying on one side that which is trivial, that which is unworthy, leaving ourselves free to find there a record of great thought, clear vision, splendid living, majestic hope reaching out toward the future, that these may stir like things in us. We no longer regard inspiration as confined

to this literature. We go afield to find it elsewhere as well; not feeling when we let one of our own poets sing to us that this is something secular and irreligious; not thinking when we get out into other literatures and there catch some wonderful dream of the nobler life, that we are dealing with unworthy heathen literature, and are morally bound to come back, if we are wise, to the only Word of God, but finding all through the world that wherever human life rises and voices itself, there is a message full of divine inspiration and strength and uplift. The Bible of religion, of the religion which is to come, is found in all times and in all literatures, it speaks in all tongues, voicing everywhere life as it widens in vision and thrills with more splendid energy and hope.

The half god? That because there is truth in the Bible the whole of it is true; that because there are things in it that stir men, therefore everything in it should stir men; that because much of it is full of splendid inspiration, therefore it makes no mistakes. That has gone, and why? Only because we are reaching out to wider sources of life, because we are demanding a more true and reasonable attitude, because we are finding that religion rests not upon the authority of any volume, however sacred, but only upon the constant unfolding and recording of an ever-growing human experience, whose expression forms the bible of the world.

Now take God. What a puzzling and imperfect conception the idea of God upon which some of us were reared is! A God who used to change his mind, who got angry, who needed to be appeased, who apparently made mistakes, making a wonderfully good world and then having to wash it out and begin over again, whom you could persuade by prayer, who gave a knowledge of himself to only one nation amongst the nations of the earth, who set up a great throne before which every one should at last stand to meet a most terrible penalty or a most splendid reward, who there judges men, not by what they were, but by the imputed righteousness of another. What an imperfect primitive thought that seems to us when we really think. What an unnatural, small, limited divinity for any one who has some sense even of the mere majestic size of the universe. It is going. It already has but little hold on most men; it has less still on some of us. Why? Because there is opening to us the possibility, if we will, of putting in its place something before which such ideas grow terribly small and imperfect. Because we can today watch the swing of the stars in space, and today can see from its birth how a planet like our own, back of which is the thrilling eternal energy which we know as God, little by little moves out of darkness into light, out of the shadow of death, as it seems to us, into life, out of life toward higher life, toward freedom, humanity, into the wonderful open realm of the spirit. What is God? A God too large for my thought, far transcending any power of mine to compass him in words. Yet he is the thrill of life through it all, he is the thrill of life in me, in every one, driving, constraining the nations slowly out of slavery and darkness toward liberty and light, moving in all that we know, manifest in all that we see, known within us, if we will, as the unfolding and uplift of our own life. To serve him is to become consciously his children; is to voice and express the splendid quality of the manhood which he kindles within us; is in light of that manhood to know that all the wonderful past is only a prelude to the serenity and strength and power which belong to life and may belong to us and be our own.

Religion is the living reverence and service of God. Religion is getting into right relations with God. Yes. Not with the half god of man's ignorance, but with the God, however imperfectly seen and known, that we can feel, through whom we live, whose hand we trace in all the upward surge of our own day and time, whose power may lift us day by day into greater capacity and strength and freedom, who is, if we will, the life of our life, making us his children as we, ceasing to linger and idle by the way, set our feet steadfastly on the great road that leads us to manhood and liberty and truth.

You may have heard me say that I have ceased to believe in the God of my fathers. It is because the God that I learned was a half god, something too small, too inadequate for me when thoughts like those that I have tried to suggest to you arose and I began to dream of the power which drives the world opening in my very soul to make a man of me. As such a truth dawns I say in my heart, "When half gods go, the gods arrive."

Let me take another illustration. Take the idea of revelation and of faith. There was only one revelation in my childhood, the revelation of the authoritative word of scripture. God had declared himself to one only amongst all the nations of the earth. There alone was the word of life, and the acceptance of it was the only way of escape from wrath. Faith, acceptance of authority, believing what the Bible said, however impossible it might be to believe it. It was at your peril that you questioned the authority of the speech of the eternal. Only as you blindly accepted it could you find the way toward infinite happiness and life.

We can today get out of that little valley which hemmed us in. It is abhorrent to us to think even of the countless millions who on that scheme of things passed into the outer darkness without a chance to know the truth. We can today get away from the idea that only those whose thought, however much we may have liked to share it, was impossible to use because we had outgrown it, entered into the realms of bliss; that those who in all sincerity reached out to know, as they could, what seemed to them to be a larger thought of God in the universe were led by the God who set within them that hunger for light and truth, only astray into the darkness. No, those are hardly even half gods. They are going, thank God. God helping me, I will never allow any one whom I can persuade to better things to be fettered as I used to be fettered by thoughts so small compared with those which are open to every one of us, as we come to find the God who reveals himself everywhere. There is never a mistake, never a blunder, never a piece of suffering, never a scar on the onward way of humanity but is God's revelation, expressing his absolute steadfastness. Make your mistake and you take your consequences, not because God is angry with you, but because so alone you and all men inevitably come to the larger truth of life. Faith in that does not contravene and oppose the order which is the order of its very being, and demand that you accept things when you don't understand them because you don't understand them. No. Faith is the growth within us of confidence in the eternal order. It permits no short cuts. It makes no mistakes. There we find absolute fairness. You are free. The facts are there through all ages and generations waiting for you to learn and understand and obey. Believe? Yes. Believe not as you are told but as you must. Inquire in sincerity and earnestness, and belief is not a matter of choice. You cannot help it. Take to the broad

vision, which enables you to see things not as they seem in the little valley where you were born, but as the noblest in you may see them from the hill tops toward which we climb, and your vision will mould your belief.

May we not as a church do something to cause ignorance, that ancient enemy, the only ultimate enemy of man, to pass away; something to clear prejudice from men's minds? Shall we not together, casting aside the colored glasses which hide the truth from us, go toward faith, the faith which is born of knowledge and inquiry and freedom, which means that through these things we come to trust the universe, life, humanity, and come to know that this journey is not a journey hither and thither in the trackless wilds of space, but a journey steadfast, ordered, resolute, inevitable, toward the great haven of truth and manhood and life itself.

Faith is, when we so take it, a simple, practical reality which may help us to stronger living. It reminds us again and again that life is no chance and religion no shibboleth, but a mighty eagerness and earnestness through which we return continually unto our true selves, falling back on the larger life which is our own, reminding ourselves of what is in us, determining anew to live, not for petty, but for great things, not as unbelievers, but as children of a boundless faith and hope, knowing that in and through all our experience there may surely come the power of a new and quieter strength. A larger happiness, a nobler energy lies within our grasp as we enter into our heritage of the great life, emerging everywhere, waiting in the hearts of men to create new sanctions and new ideals, wider and fuller inspiration, clearer and more splendid thought; coming home to us ever with a more intense and vital power, to reign at last as the rule of the infinite life of God in the hearts and lives of his children.

The Far Country.

The tale of life is heavy
  Upon the city street,
But dreaming I go ever
  To a far land and sweet.

By day, the bondman's harness,
  The townling's restless brain;
By night, a breezy upland,
  A tansy-bordered lane.

The earth, new-born at sunrise,
  The meadow smoking mist,
The river bathed in purple,
  The distance amethyst.

Behind the druid pine-tree
  The great sun journeys up;
He lifts the clouds and opens
  The briar rose's cup.

The fox grapes in the boskage,
  Green-panoplied and cool,
The eager cardinal flower's
  Shy scarlet straight flammule.

Along the bounteous hillside,
  The round sun at their back,
The fronded flaming sumacs,
  The elder thickets black.

These are my dream companions;
  Forgot and far behind
Are play and tinsel novel,
  The culture-maddened mind.

Or 'tis a white May morning,
  Bloom-drifted orchard floors;
In his green oratory
  A mystic thrush adores.

Sometimes the calm of sunset
  Poured like a golden wine,
And spacious streaming shadows
  And solitude divine.

Or in the eldritch twilight
  With tree shapes dimly spelt,
Faint odors float and vanish,
  Stray fireflies gleam and melt.

Day is a lamp-lit country
  Glimpsed through the window square,
Where vague unsteady houseless
  Things hover in mid-air,

And I, a loitering shadow,
  With other shadows dwell,
Twirling like string-tied puppets
  In aimless tinternel.

Night is the freeman's country
  Wherein my soul, unshod,
Her thatch-cloak loosed about her,
  Lays bare her breast to God.
—*Florence Wilkinson, in McClure's for July.*

My Summer In a Hammock.

Did you ever see the sky—really see it as one sees it day after day who lies in a hammock? Did you ever gaze straight at it for hours at a time and watch the changes as the minutes slipped by? If not, you would better take a summer to it some time, and it will be a revelation to you. I am not very familiar with dawns yet myself, but I know the early morning hours, the high noons and the celestial glories of sunset, the coming on of twilight, and the dawning of the measureless meadows of the sky with the golden eternal lilies which Jean Paul talks of, and I have learned all about the moon, from the first faint silver disc which appears unexpectedly once a month, like an apparition, to the great ball of red fire which comes out of the east later on, as the Mays and Junes join that grand procession of the months and are no more. What I love most in the sky is its depth. What are ocean depths beside it, or any depth of distance that we know? What is back of those blue depths, do you think? We used to think—heaven. But now that heaven has become the unknown quantity in the equation of life, what do we think? Infinite space, I suppose, which may be more scientific, but not so poetical as the heaven of our early dreams. But if not the indwelling place of God, perchance it is God himself, who no longer inhabiteth eternity, but is eternity, and time, and space.

And what a revelation is the color of the sky to one who is learning the secret of sight. There is no shade or tint in nature that you may not see in the heavens above you as well as in the earth beneath, and far more ethereal and sublimated above than below. Swinburne says the foam flowers remain when the rose blossoms wither, and so do the garlands of the sky, trailing their filmy lengths across the western horizon. What is a gorgeous sunset but the flowering of the great garden of God wherein every earthly and heavenly hue is mingled? The famous "Red Sunsets" of twenty years ago were indeed of indescribable grandeur, but the everyday sunsets of all the year round are more beautiful. Yet crowds gazed awe-struck at the unusual spectacle of a blood red west, who scarcely glance up to the every day pageant with its thousand variations of form and tint. The New Jerusalem itself coming down out of heaven would scarcely excite the admiration of the multitude, but the wonder of it might perhaps quicken their sluggish pulses. A plain yellow sunset, as a friend contemptuously calls it, is like "the primrose on the river's brim"—a yellow sunset and nothing more, but when the sky is all of beaten gold the world seems richer to me

than is its wont. But a stormy sunset, crimson and purple and gold, fading out into softer tints and changing every moment, lures my soul to higher heights of ecstasy. For sunset is an ecstasy—the whole day leads up to it, and when it culminates in the wonderful Feast of Roses of a showery day, the delight is almost painful. You draw a long breath when it is over as you do at the ceasing of exquisite music, or the silence which follows great eloquence. There are bounds to what the soul can bear.

But how tender is the blueness of a long blue day when the sky is flecked with white fleeces of cumulus, changing momently as they sail above your head. Ships of the sky, you watch them cross the horizon line, round the headlands and come into port, over and over the day through, never weary of the silent show. And when the afterglow is at its rosiest they pass away with the sun without which they would not have had their brief transient life, and who will evoke them again tomorrow, for they change but cannot die. So would I float above the world plumed with strong desire to see all that God has made, without the perilous and painful travel of the earth below. A cloud travels even more regally and joyously than a bird, that proud scanner of the ground, and I think it is to a cloud I will be changed, rather than to a skylark, which has been my fond desire for more years than I like to number over. What better thing could one dream than to be made one with Nature, a portion of the loveliess we joy in,—the blush upon the rose, the pallor of the lily, the glory of the autumn woods, the evanescent colors of the sea? Who would not like to be that touch of sea-green that comes so rarely yet so rapturously into the sunset sky, or the cameo pink of the afterglow in the eastern heaven, as the mountain mist, that blueness which never was there, but that there forever will be, which we climb for and seek in vain in our mountain rambles? One would perhaps be a more beautiful thing were he the fresh color on a young girl's face—but alas, that would pass so soon—and there would be such sadness in the passing—while all those other beautiful but fleeting things would pass away in joy, never having known a pang.

Ruskin was the man who best knew the sky in our day, though Turner must have been a close second, and John Muir among the mountains of California must have seen as many glories as the sage on Coniston Heights, but Ruskin cut his words out of the heart of gems, and even though Turner did dip his brushes in the sunset, Ruskin's have a more translucent hue. John Muir has the seeing eye, and a wondrous wealth of language, but his gems are not cut with as many facets of light as those of Ruskin, poet, prophet, and painter. Ah, how well he must sleep on the misty height above his home, free from the flesh which tormented and maddened him, and gazing up forever at the vault which he loved and the God whom he adored. For Ruskin was the most religious man of his day, not even excepting Newman or Kingsley. His epitaph should be like his of old, "he walked with God." But he, too, was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Are not all great men so? If there is a happy man on earth it is not one with the illimitable vision of a man of genius, or with the great yearning, loving heart of such an one. Eyes that are narrower set, a heart more insensible to wrong and strife and suffering, these must belong to the happy man. Shelley in earliest youth wept, he knew not why, as there first fell upon his ears from the near school room "the harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes." So was Kingsley saddened when he felt this strife, and Huxley when it hemmed him in, and Tennyson when he heard "The Two Voices," and Arnold when he felt that

> "We are here as on a darkling plain,
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Ah, but some of us feel this pain, with no compensation of greatness. God pity those.

Now in the ordered procession of the months comes August crowned with fire. In my garden the poppies are at the height of their splendor. Big beds of flame they seem as they revel in the heat of the sun. Poppies are not charming except in masses, but these glorious patches of color amid the greenness of the lawn and under the greenness of the trees are soul-satisfying.

But if you call them brilliant what will you say of the nasturtiums, gold and red and orange, and the faintest yellow of all? Their charm is greatest when heaped in great dishes without foliage. How they glorify a majolica jardiniere, and they deepen their magnificence in silver dishes, also. King Solomon surely was not arrayed like them, and I doubt if Solomon would have cared to be. Cleopatra might have longed for such coloring and for such dream-like texture. Were I to be crowned like Alexander I would have a robe of nasturtiums, if human skill could weave it, with the whole range of their colors represented. There are also tiger lilies now, and I cannot but think of the bold poet who made them his own by becoming their first singer. Joaquin Miller in the days when his words were noted and chronicled (and there was such a day, dear young person) was ridiculed for having the lady of his heart go sailing down the ball room with "a gorgeous tiger lily in her hair," and with little wonder, for it must be an impossible *coiffure* flower; but Aldrich caught the fancy of the day when he liked

> "Not lady-slippers,
> Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
> Nor yet the flaky roses,
> Red, or white as snow;
> I like the chaliced lilies,
> The heavy Eastern lilies,
> The gorgeous tiger-lilies
> That in our gardens grow."

True, they are tall and stately, and he who has seen Circassian women may trace out a resemblance, but I don't adore tiger lilies or—Circassian women. But it was to one of them, I suppose, that Bayard Taylor wanted to speed "on a stallion shod with fire" and to leave the wild winds behind in the speed he made, and she must have had charms. He made a good love song, which is something the new school of poets does not do. They would not dare dash into it as he did, nor perhaps would they wish to promise even the dearest dear, to love her

> "till the sun is cold
> And the stars grow old
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

They could hardly be sure of themselves so long. Now they address their verses to their last year's love, and ask plaintively if she remembers what they have so nearly forgotten.

> "Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
> Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet."

After a month, Swinburne tells us

> "One with me I could not dream you:
> And one with you I could not be."

This is the new way, perhaps:

> "Once with fiery breath and flying
> Your winged heart touched mine and went,
> And the spirits kissed, and sighing,

Sundered and smiled and were content."
"That only touch, that feeling only
Enough we found, we found too much;"

These latter day poets are a delicate race, are they not? It was not thus when Burns loved Highland Mary, and the songs of Burns will live when all of these lesser lights shall have died of a rose in "aromatic pains." We may well leave Swinburne and Oscar Wilde to "Night after night of running kisses," and "Chirp after chirp of changing doves." To their latest loves they will still say:

"Should Love disown or disesteem you
For loving one man more or less?"

and it is to be hoped the loves will respond in like fashion. It would be sad indeed if a Romola should not understand this kind of love philosophy, and pour out her heart upon another Tito; and what would a Maggie Tulliver do when told that "this world is full of loves"? But I forget; of the woman Swinburne wrote about he said:

"No soul she hath, we see, to outlive her;
Hath she for that no lips to kiss?"

Not thus have the great poets written of the women they have loved. Dante and Shakspeare and Browning loved not women without souls who had lips to kiss. This is the measure of a poet, the loftiness of his life and the purity of his love.

But I have gone far afield from my tiger lilies—though perhaps the poems I have quoted may be called the tiger-lilies of literature, gorgeous in color, but with no perfume, no grace, no soul. The violets of literature are another story.

One of Millet's peasants passed before my eyes yesterday, as I continued my quiet outlook upon life. It was strange to see him in this western land of peace and plenty, where the farmers are lords of the soil and their garners bursting with fulness. But there he was, shambling by,—the bent, distorted, old-young man who looks out at us from the artist's canvas in so many different guises. He stopped near me and I watched him for some time. Dull, stolid, vacant was the face, the figure bent as a man of eighty should not be, the limbs crooked, and the hands misshapen and hard. We seldom see these pitiful sights in this Arcadian village, and I wondered as I looked. He was of foreign birth, and I have always noted that crippled and misshapen children were much more common among the foreign peoples than with native born Americans. Children with defective sight also are more common among them. This is largely owing, I am told by a distinguished physician, to the lack of proper care immediately after birth, and for a few days later. A large proportion of the blind owe their terrible misfortune to ignorant or negligent nurses who do not properly cleanse the eyes of infants. Is not this a horrible thought? It haunted me for a long time, and I wished to proclaim it from the housetops. Surely the intelligent women in any community could do something to remedy this, could it be brought to their knowledge. Among the peasantry of France in Millet's time the conditions of life were terrible, and his pictures made them known to the world, and began the work of regeneration. So today does Verestchagin help on the great day of peace and the end of war by his too terrible pictures of war and battles. Turn on the light, and let the thinking people of the world see what war really means, and the days of war are numbered. All the recent wars have been so described, so discussed, so spread out in detail before the readers of the nations, that few can now plead ignorance of their real meaning. It will not be so easy hereafter to plunge a nation into carnage and destruction. England has felt the South African war in too many of her best homes to be quite so enthusiastic in the bringing on of another war, as she was for this last one, and America, we hope, has also gained in wisdom. So may the great artists continue to paint, adding their mite to the great peace propaganda, and the great writers like Tolstoy to describe as he does in "Sebastopol," the realities of battles and sieges. This is consecrated art, indeed, and one school, certainly, of great religious painting. As long as there is a canvas of Millet's left or a reproduction of a picture (and for these reproductions let us reverently thank God) will their reforming influence be felt; and while the works of the great Russian artist who is of kindred soul to Millet shall endure, will he preach the gospel of peace on earth, good will to men. And while authors and artists are each in their own way helping on the better days for which we long, let us also remember that the men of science are in a thousand different ways working to the same great end. In Vienna lately M. Hellar, the rector of an institution for the blind, has made some remarkable and successful experiments with a boy born without sight. The eyes seemed to be sound; and M. Hellar decided the trouble was with the brain and not the eyes. In a dark room, with an illuminated disk, he first brought out sensibility to light, and finally educated the nerves to full vision. Other experiments are in progress. How can we honor enough these quiet men who spend their lives in research and experiment that the woes of the world may be mitigated? How they toil and sacrifice for their unselfish purposes. Other men clamor for an eight hour day, while they rejoice in eighteen hours of closest application at times when some great subject fills their minds. We shall yet conquer cancer and consumption by their help, I believe, and what a forward stride that will be. Little thought the "Man With a Hoe" who passed me yesterday, that he would stir the idler of idlers to moralizing, but he was a type of what must be eliminated before the most thoughtless and easy going of us can be truly happy. They are blots upon our sky and darken our vision, and we must help on the day of better things even for our own sakes. We must heed the loud vociferations of the streets—the cry from the camps of famine, the contentions of those who toil under the ground, the wail of little children in the mills, the pleading of mothers to save their sons and their daughters—even if we are ordered to give over effort and spend a summer in a hammock. No rest, no stay.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The Two Roses.

There were two beautiful roses on the same stem, and they were just as beautiful as they could be and there seemed no lack of their enjoyment of the glorious June that called them forth to the light of day. Many had admired them and spoken of their perfect grace, their color, their fragrance, the happiness of having such lovely things in our world. And I judge they must have felt the thrill of appreciation of their worth.

But then others had wandered around the garden and had their pessimistic squabbles and talked in the presence of that superb bliss of what a world of trouble this was. They aired their grievances of care and perplexity and pain and I am afraid they put some of their sadness on the leaves of the rose. It is a way we have of reflecting our shadows on those near us, and we sometimes prove our case by the darkness we have cast on the thing we are judging, and the creature itself is subject to our vanity,

not willingly, but because we try to make it so.

And it was so that these roses began to discuss the situation with each other after their manner of speech—but I was near and I felt sure of the progress of the conversation as I was intently looking at them, and listening with all my heart.

The cheerful rose said—This is a beautiful world and I am glad to be here in the sweetness of summer. It is lovely to be in the midst of loveliness, to sense it as a delight in our nature, and to feel we are a part of it and contribute by our existence to the completeness of the whole. I am truly glad to sway upon this stem, to have the life power sent to me, and to exult in the perfume of delicious delicateness given me!

The shadow rose replied, How foolish you are to make a fuss over yourself. Did you not hear that scientist say yesterday—Oh, yes, it looks fine, but it is only dust after all? That settled my case. And he said in a month or less the whole bunch of us would be scattered on the ground and carried away with the wind. I do wish you would be sensible and restrain your enthusiasms. All we have got to do is to be quiet and wait our appointed time to fade and fall away!

What a stupid you are, said the cheerful rose, to talk in that melancholy moodishness. It is perfectly ridiculous of you with your bright countenance all aflush with the radiance of the morning. If you are dust you are very beautiful dust, and the spirit of joy is in you. The Eternal Power called us both into being and put about us this dust to show the light of his wisdom and when we have spoken that word our message should justify our coming and we ought to be ready to depart. We shall still be and may have many forms of uttering the divine thought. Oh, how foolish you are to let the silly speech of others affect you!

The shadow rose was somewhat angered at this and said: You do well to talk in this lofty way, but I would have you know that you are no better than I am, Miss Pretence.

No, I am no better than you—we are twins, we are out of the same joy, and that is why we both should be true to the spirit of which we are the children. I am not assuming, I am asking you to assert what you are, not seem what a thoughtless man may have said about you. Our existence is out of the heart of the grace which brings to pass the summer, and we must needs express perfectly what this Perfection seeks.

Well, said the shadow rose, I don't know but I was in the dumps, and I wish foolish folks would keep their silliness to themselves, and leave us that are beautiful to show what beauty is.

Yes, said the cheerful rose, that would be good for them, and yet there is good for us in meeting this—to show we can hold our own and win out safely. And then to show that behind the material there is the spiritual, and this is the reason of our being. We as flowers are but as pictures men make; the pictures are precious, but the real value is the spiritual thought manifested in them, and it is the eternal speaking beauty in us which is the wonder and wealth of our smile.

Yes, yes, sister, you are telling a good deal, and I suppose it is true, perhaps you are thinking the thoughts of the man there looking at us, but I wish for quiet to enjoy myself, and hark! there is the robin with its glad note. I am going to listen to it, for I have had enough philisophy for one day.

So the conversation ended, but doubtless it did them both good. It surely helped the man to find nature in friendship with the discussions of his mind, and the roses being there in such strong evidence that there is nothing common—not even the dust—for God is thinking in that and moulding it to beauty, and he is dreaming in the mind of man and in that reaching for the summer of some sweet tomorrow. A thought of poetry flashed in his heart and sung itself as sweet music:

> Upon the grave there grows a rose,
> It blooms with fragrance of white thought;
> If dust can such pure love disclose,
> What from our lives may not be wrought?

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Why Not Tower Hill?

From whatever side it is viewed, Tower Hill is a lofty eminence in the evolution of religion in America. Here Nature has condensed beauty and inspiration. Untold ages ago she began to prepare for the needs of today. Through this unglaciated height the Wisconsin River has dug a valley which has rare charms to him who loves the Nature God. Here, too, the white man early found especial interests and opportunities, not, however, for rest, recreation, science, or the study of poetry. About 1836 the first settlers saw here the cliff which afforded the requisite height for a shot-tower. They brought their ore with the slow-footed ox-teams from Galena and Mineral Point. On this height it was smelted. Below the perpendicular bluff they dug a well in the rock and tunneled to it from the river. From the top they poured their molten lead down the hole, and it magically transformed into shot before reaching the bottom. Out of the tunnel and onto the rafts it floated to the Mississippi and to the warring, hunting world,—hence "Tower Hill."

* * * * * *

It was in the eighties, after Nature had fully reclaimed the hill from shot-tower and foretime village uses, that a preacher of the broader faith thought to secure it as a summer garden for the intensive culture of spiritual flowers. For these many seasons since there has been conducted a rational resort for those who must have change in the summer. The hot-house method has been avoided. Fashion is left at home. Plain, wholesome, neighborly relations exist; just enough of books and intellectual things to keep off the ennui that would come from violating entirely the strong reading habit. Nature in every phase, bird, plant, or stratum, may be courted and studied at will. A few lectures and classes of the highest order are intermingled.

Here nobody is seeking to exploit those who come, nobody is making money out of the occasion. A simple company of similarly minded people by cooperation reduce necessary expenses to economic limits. Happy, joyous weeks are passed mid restful, recuperative, and beautiful surroundings. The cause of the larger faith is forwarded by the grace of Tower Hill. *Duren J. H. Ward.*

From Christian Register of June 30, 1904.

Joy In Death.

> If tolling bell I ask the cause.
> 'A soul has gone to God,'
> I'm answered in a lonesome tone;
> Is heaven then so sad?
>
> That bells should joyful ring to tell
> A soul had gone to heaven,
> Would seem to me the proper way
> A good news should be given.

Emily Dickinson.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Notices.*

Dr. Funk's prominence as clergyman and publisher adds weight to the book before us, which is an argument for spiritualism and a plea for candid investigation of that and kindred psychic phenomena. The name is taken from an incident in Dr. Funk's personal experience. A coin borrowed for illustration in a dictionary, is forgotten and laid away in a safe for years; what purports to be the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher appears and recalls the lost coin, locates it and leads to its return. Dr. Funk narrates the whole case in detail, with affidavits, etc. Believing that the matter was most simply explained by referring it to spirit agency, he submitted his statement to a large number of University professors and other men, whose opinion on the matter might be of value, and asked them which of four possible explanations was most satisfactory—fraud, coincidence, subconscious faculties, spirit communication. The sixty letters received in reply are given in full in the Appendix and are not the least interesting part of the book; it is perfectly plain that the gentlemen are "perplexed philosophers," who have no clear answer ready. Yet, it is surely true, as Dr. Funk urges, that these phenomena have a claim to be investigated and demand explanation. Scientists in general avoid them, often saying that they are not matter for scientific study because the conditions for their occurrence are so peculiar that they invalidate the phenomena. Curious to hear such objections from men who can only see the minute structures they have to study by placing their eye to a highly complex mechanism with strange manipulation of mirrors and reflectors. Why should any man who must have a peculiarly prepared group of materials, at a certain temperature and with a definite humidity, in order to produce his reactions, rail at phenomena which merely require a dimmed light and the presence of a cabinet? We ourselves are not spiritualists, but we have no patience with the astronomer, physicist, chemist, microscopist, who complain that spiritual phenomena only take place under "prepared conditions." When, pray, do *their* phenomena take place?

We confess that Dr. Funk's "widow's mite" case seems to us unsatisfactory in various ways. When we are dealing with a man who sells a $17,000 collection of coins and afterward cannot recall to whom he sold it, we cannot seriously consider his opinion upon any matter of much account. When we find one person borrowing a coin worth $2,500 who forgets to return it—and when the owner forgets or fails to ask for its return,—we are plainly dealing with people whose mental proceses are too vague to command respect even when put into the form of affidavits. Until the parties involved in the transaction show some more definite traits of character, we lose time in reading their sworn statements. We do not care to give a judgment upon the widow's mite case, but so far as it is presented, the third of Dr. Funk's possible explanations—subconscious faculties—seems to be most adequate.

But outside of the "widow's mite" case, Dr. Funk brings together in this book a large mass of interesting matter regarding psychic phenomena, some of which is new and important. Perhaps the most curious is a lot of new matter in the direction of "spirit photography"—a field in which there has been a great deal of fraud. It would seem as if it were a field that lent itself particularly well to the examination of "scientists"; the recent experiments are extraordinary and, if not frauds, raise many new questions. Surely it is worth while for the physicist and the scientific photographer to examine with care. If there is fraud—where is it? Dr. Funk's attitude is just—he begs scientific investigation. He believes the phenomena real; what he wants is explanation. This in general. In particular he asks the help of the American public to aid him in a definite way to make a few simple tests on a wide scale. His proposition is worth examining.

**The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena.* Isaac K. Funk. New York and London, 1904. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 80 pp., xiv. 538. $2.00 net.

George Wharton James's Model Indian Basket Designs. The Basket Fraternity, Pasadena, Cal. 20 Nos., $2.00.

The Alaskan Indian Mythology. General Passenger Dept., Pacific Steamship Co., San Francisco.

Mr. George Wharton James, author of the most popular book on Indian baskets and who has probbly done more than any other man to create and encourage the present interest in practical basketry, has just issued a set of interesting Indian basket patterns. Some of these have been supplied as supplements to the magazine. *Basketry,* but all are also sold separately, either singly or in sets. There are twenty patterns in the series and they are of natural size and entirely practical. The designs are carefully selected for decorative value, strength and mathematical perfection. They give a notable choice in size and shape and represent the work of various tribes. Indian basketry is an attractive development, and it is well to have some of its masterpieces thus supplied as models. While the regular price of this set of patterns is $2.00, readers of UNITY, who mention the paper, will be supplied for $1.50.

Few, whose attention has not been turned to the fact realize how much good literary work and genuine information is conveyed to the public in railroad advertising. It was the Chicago & Alton Railroad that first brought Browning's work creditably before the American public! We have from time to time mentioned good ethnological matter printed by the Santa Fe and the Northwestern Railroad. The latest matter we have seen is put out by the General Passenger Department of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co.—"The Totem Pole Route." It consists of a neatly colored, stamped-out, totem pole of cardboard, intended to fold and stand. A booklet—The Alaska Indian Mythology, accompanies it, which deals with legends and traditions, history of the totem pole, and description of a pottatch. Both totem pole and booklet are worth seeing and can be secured from the company's office.

FREDERICK STARR.

Pheasants, violets and mushrooms are to be raised by Miss Hoyt, daughter of ex-Governor Hoyt, and by Miss Ritchie, both of Bryn Mawr College. Miss Hoyt is a teacher of English, and Miss Ritchie is secretary. They have leased a farm in Lower Merion Township, near West Conshohocken, Pa., and will begin operations on Sept. 1. The raising of pheasants is a rare pursuit, especially so on the part of women, and the novelty of the venture is watched with interest. The proprietors are preparing the farm for practical work next fall.—*Exchange.*

The Wolfesboro (N. H.) Sale.

The Alliance Branch of the Unitarian society at Wolfeboro, N. H., solicits contributions for the annual sale which is to be held the last week of July. The proceeds are to be applied to necessary repairs of the church building. Articles or money may be sent to Mrs. Greenleaf Clarke, Wolfeboro, N. H.

MARY L. LEGGETT, Minister.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Clover.

Some sings of the lilly, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summertime throws
In the green grassy lap of the medder that lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days;
But what is the lilly and all of the rest
Of the flowers, to a man with a heart in his breast
That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew
Of the sweet clover-blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plane
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wunder away in a bare-footed dream,
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the flowers, to a man with a heart in his brest
And wharever it blossoms, oh, thare let me bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' him now;
And I pray to him fer the stren'th when I die
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away on a breth of perfume.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Foreign Notes.

VERESTCHAGIN'S LAST PICTURE.—The widow of the lamented Russian painter, who lost his life by the blowing up of the Petropavlovsk at Port Arthur, has announced through the Russian papers, it is said, the receipt of singular tidings from that fortress. Word has been sent her that among the wreckage washed up on the shores of Liao-Tung peninsula has been found a painting by Verestchagin, undoubtedly his last work. It represents a council-of-war presided over by Admiral Makharof. Notwithstanding its long exposure to sea water, the painting is said to be quite intact. One can imagine what a priceless treasure-trove it will be.

ST. PAUL AND THE TURKISH POLICE.—The following story is going the rounds of the Greek papers as a recent happening in Constantinople:

Some benevolent organization of that city, in a printed appeal for funds for its work, made use, to strengthen its plea, of a quotation from Paul's epistle to the Galatians. A few days later the printer of the appeal was waited upon by an agent of the police, who demanded the name and address of the person who had addressed such seditious words to the people of Galata (one of the suburbs of Constantinople).

The printer, with difficulty maintaining his gravity, explained to the officer that the individual named Paul, had been dead about 2,000 years; but the policeman would not listen to him. Believing that the printer was making fun of him, he departed banging the doors behind him, and lodged a complaint against the printer at headquarters. The latter persistently refusing to give the apostle's address, was at last thrown into prison, whence it took all the influence of the Greek patriarch to secure his release.

FRENCH POLICY IN MOROCCO.—Certain comments in the *Tribune de Genève* on the French attitude toward Morocco are strongly suggestive of the development of new methods and ideals as to national influence and conquests. It says:

"The policy of France in Morocco at the present time is well determined. It is to avoid by all means any military expedition into that country, but to secure the upper hand there by what is conventionally known as 'pacific invasion.' A remarkable report by M. Lucien Hubert, deputy from Ardennes, for the committee on foreign affairs, protectorates and colonies, has just been distributed in the Chamber of Deputies, and indicates the means to be employed. The first object is to strengthen the authority of the sultan, to become his only advisers and through him to govern the country by reorganizing its administration and creating an army along French lines. At the same time to develop the economic resources of the country by means of harbors, railways and roads. This is a fine task France has before her and the success she has had in Tunis leads one to foresee that she will succeed in Morocco also.

"The report of Mr. Hubert gives some tables as to the commerce of Morocco. The exchanges of France and that country, including the land trade with Algeria, amount to 38 millions annually; Great Britain's, to 36,200,000; Spain's to 8,300,000 fr.; Germany's to 7,350,000 ft. It is noticeable that Great Britain leads in the importations with 24,000,000. This fact indicates the very considerable concession made to France by the Anglo-French agreement, and gives considerable plausibility to the secret clause, which is believed, in diplomatic circles, to exist between France and England. Does this clause relate to the Congo as some suppose, or rather to certain political eventualities? No one knows, for the secret is well kept.

"As for the negotiations between France and Spain, they drag their slow length along. France neither wishes to nor can, make any territorial concessions, having pledged herself to maintain the integrity of Morocco. It is hoped however to find the basis for a mutual understanding through the offer to Spain of a fine share in the economic development of the country. Spain will have to content herself with that, but one can well believe that she will retain an active feeling of resentment, which she will make felt at the first opportunity if any European complication arises." M. E. H.

Emerson on Lincoln.

The president impressed me more favorably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well-meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good, clear statement of his fact, correct enough, not vulgar, as described; but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on Commencement Days show, in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remark, he looks up at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth, and laughs. He argued to Sumner the whole case of Gordon, the slave-trader, point by point, and added that he was not quite satisfied yet, and meant to refresh his memory by looking again at the evidence. All this showed a fidelity and conscientiousness very honorable to him. When I was introduced to him, he said, "Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture, that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners, 'Here I am; if you don't like me, the worse for you.'"—*Diary of R. W. Emerson, in the July Atlantic.*

Interpretation of Nature.

Interpretation is a favorite word with some recent nature writers. It is claimed for the literary naturalist that he interprets natural history. The ways and doings of the wild creatures are exaggerated and misread under the plea of interpretation. Now, if by interpretation we mean an answer to the question, "What does this mean?" or, "What is the exact truth about it?" then there is but one interpretation of nature, and that is the scientific. What is the meaning of the fossils in the rocks? or of the carving and sculpturing of the landscape? or of a thousand and one other things in the organic and inorganic world about us? Science alone can answer. But if we mean by interpretation an answer to the inquiry, "What does this scene or incident suggest to you? how do you feel about it?" then we come to what is called the literary or poetic interpretation of nature, which, strictly speaking, is no interpretation of nature at all, but an interpretation of the writer or poet himself. The poet or the essayist tells what the bird, or the tree, or the cloud, means to him. It is himself, therefore, that is being interpreted. What do Ruskin's writings upon nature interpret? They interpret Ruskin,—his wealth of moral and ethical ideas, and his wonderful imagination. Richard Jefferies tells us how the flower, or the bird, or the cloud is related to his subjective life and experience. It means this or that to him; it may mean something entirely different to another, because he may be bound to it by a different tie of association. The poet fills the lap of earth with treasures not her own,—the riches of his own spirit; science reveals the treasures that are her own, and arranges and appraises them.—*John Burroughs, in the July Atlantic.*

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

From July 1 to September 15 the address of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and of Unity Publishing Company will be Spring Green, Wis.

The weekly *Jewish Criterion*, published in Pittsburgh, Pa., for July, first published in full the sermon on "What Shall I Do to Be Saved," published in UNITY of June 23, which sermon is soon to be reprinted in pamphlet form by the Unity Publishing Company. They can be ordered at the rate of 5 cents per copy, or $4.00 per hundred.

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